

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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No. 49.



"I cracked the whip over Jessie."

THAT BABY IN TUSCALOO.

BY RALSTON CAMPBELL.

L.
Bel You're all the way from Kansas,
And know my Jessie there;
Well, I'm mighty glad to see you;
Just take that vacant chair.
You don't look like a stranger;
Though never here before,
Jack, take the gentleman's chair
And hang it 'hind the door.

II.
Want! live whole days on the journey,
Comin' by boat and car!
Gone to the West we have thought Jessie
Could ever live so far.

Away from the Toughtonings,
The farm, and mountain blues—

I wouldn't believe it of her,
And that's 'twixt me and you.

III.
You say she's not been lonely;
To think of the distance—
What! Jessie has got a baby?
You should have said that first.

And now please repeat it over,

I can't believe my ear;
Just think—my Jessie—a mother,
Pshaw, now, what's this?—a tour?

IV.
Here, Jack, run off to the kitchen—
Tell mother to come quick!—
Let the bakin' go to thunder,
Let her not strike a lick!

V.
Perhaps you may think me foolish
To speak so bold to an old man—

Mind, I'm a Grand-Pa now,

Well, well, how the years slip by us

Silent, and swift, and dry,

For all the world like the white clouds

Drifting along the sky.

VI.

But only in this they differ—
We're goin' with the years
Into the harbor of old age,
Up to the silent pines,

With many a burdenous burden,

And fur'd his wrinkled sail,

And thank the heavenly Master

Who saved him through the gale.

VII.

But why is this the case of talking,
I'm just havin' with joy,
I'd like to whom like an angel—
You tell me it's a boy?

And she called him for her father:

You see, she don't forget

The old man who used to nurse her

And play "peep" with his "pet."

VIII.

Stranger, your message has called up
A night long ago—
The cold, the snow, the tempestuous
Through blinding wreaths of snow.

We came in a Conestoga,

Only my wife and I;

She but the bride of a twelvemonth,

Stander and coy and shy.

X.

We started in shinin' weather,
But then it blew up cold,

And then the snow fell thick and heavy

And drove us on the mountains.

It drifts as big as the waves,

Ah! sir, that was a storm;

Black tree was a crop of feathers—

Pretty, but not so warm.

XI.

The snow kind of stopped our motion,

But then it began to blow again,

And then I began to wonder

How we'd weather it out.

Just then, as my luck would have it,

Jane said she felt quite queer;

Can you dream how I felt then, sir,

With not a woman near.

XII.

The snow stopped across the branches,

I thought 'twould pierce me through;

Said I, "Jane, there's but one of me—

My coat may save you two."

XIII.
Herbert Dame, when Ravensbird was released from the castle, not perched upon it, as was his wont in gay times, but leaning against it in perverse sadness. That the untimely fate of his cousin gave him much concern, was evident. He looked exceedingly surprised to see Ravensbird approach, released from the handcuffs and unattended by the guard-mans of the law.

"What have they let you off, Ravensbird?" he uttered, as the man neared him.

"Only to be released," was the response of Ravensbird, stopping short before him, though he did not dare to shut inquiry.

"Do otherwise," said Herbert.

"Why the simple pilot is saying that the man was a clever man."

Mitchel, too, suspected him from his having uttered threats against the captain and crew. "I am satisfied," he said, "that Lord Dame, the lawyer, and Captain Ravensbird, after this proves an satisfactory end to the case, will release him on bail. But though this is so, I will soon re-take him, if he will not believe me, to go that night to the ruins, and see what I can do."

He does not, himself, however, witness the meeting of the lawyers in the ruined chapel on the night of his release, but goes to the bright moonlight, two men strumpling at the end of the scaffold, one fall over, and then awful shriek. On going up, he sees the body of Captain Dame, his son, and most beloved, laid out in the moonlight, and thinking a ghost was after him, runs away.

About the same time, Mitchel, the lawyer, comes to the same spot, in pursuit of his client. He sees the same scene, and the men go to find the body, the tide has turned, and the body is washed away.

"No trace of him," says Captain Dame, "I am certain the man is guilty; and the very fact of his refusing to state where he was, and how he passed his time during a portion of the evening, would almost convince him. An innocent man has nothing to conceal."

"I could not do otherwise," returned Lord Dame. "I could not commit him in the teeth of evidence. Nevertheless,

I am certain the man is guilty; and the very fact of his refusing to state where he was, and how he passed his time during a portion of the evening, would almost convince him. An innocent man has nothing to conceal."

Hear the gate before mentioned, stood

He cried, and refused to take it:

"Master, I had my way,

Then on the instant I knelt down,

And O, how I did pray!

XII.

Prayed for the night to be over,
Prayed for a human form,

Prayed for the Father to shelter

My pride and hope from harm.

But see my prayer was answered,

For up there on high,

Angels came out with little lamps

And hung them in the sky.

XIII.

I cracked the whip over Jessie,

Told Jim to get along,

And then with a rush we started—

But that I felt much like singing,

Not I had often heard

That folks in Jane's way were shawky,

So I sung like a bird.

XIV.

Well, I reached this place bout midnight,

Prodded Jane in with a smile,

Then ran to the nearest neighbor—

And that was half a mile.

At the door I knocked and pounded,

And made my trouble known—

You can't buy honest dollar

I didn't come back alone.

XV.

The women folks bust a fire,

I stood out in the hall,

And the cold wind tressed

Until there came a scowl,

It wasn't much of a holler,

But it gave me a start,

And I think from that blast moment

I've had a bigger heart.

XVI.

But pshaw! let's change the subject,

You are too young a man

And the more you question,

Or you'll understand—

"Boat Jessie's bathebody,

But anyhow this I will say,

She was pretty and good.

XVII.

There's no keepin' a secret,

She's a young girl, and she's a scold,

And I'd name her if I could,

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PUBLICATIONS

Price, 50 cents. Under Two Flags, \$1.50. Published monthly by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This story has all the intensity of feeling and all the luxuriance of language of the earlier works of this famous novelist, and will be welcomed by her many friends in every country, to whom her work from her prolific pen will be a source of keen enjoyment.

The Green Gate. A Romance. By Ernest W. Nichols. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Tatham. Translated by John H. Green. Published by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A charming story, with a highly attractive plot pure in sentiment, and elegant in style.

The House of the Four. Thoughts relating to the seasons of nature and the church. By Horatio N. Powers. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This book contains short discourses, sermons indeed they may be called, brief, finely written, and will afford excellent religious reading for the various seasons of the year and the changes of life.

By Rev. Justin W. Seeley. Translated by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

These stories are gathered from articles written by Mr. Greene on social and financial topics, which have been talked of at this time, and will serve to illustrate his positive ideas on these subjects. They are sharp, pungent, and well written.

Wolf Hunt; or, The Boys of the Wilderness. By William H. Greene. Published by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The scenes of this story is laid in western Pennsylvania, soon after Bradford's unfortunate expedition, over a hundred years ago. As a writer for boys, Mr. Kellogg is surprised by none. His books not only interest, but instruct the mind of the child. "Wolf Hunt" is as fascinating a story for boys as they have seen in many a day.

Green Bush; or, The Castle of the Club. By Oliver Optic. Published by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The incidents in this volume are rather more tragic than those of the other volumes of this series, but they are not improbable or extravagant, and we think it will prove the chief favorite of this author's productions. This is the concluding volume of the "Yacht Club" and "Dorcas Club Series," "Yacht Club" should be read so that the conclusion of the former matter may be properly read by those who have been reading the former volumes.

The Works of Abbie H. Alden. By Peter Jean V. Nash (D. B. Lovell), author of "Wise Women," "The Little Schoolroom," etc. From Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers, 60 & 61 Bedford, Boston. For sale by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

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What and How to Read. A Guide to Reading Good Literature. By G. A. F. Van Ryzin. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelinger, Philadelphia.

This is a charming novel, giving a beautiful picture of Norse life, and is written in a very pleasing and attractive style.

What and How to Read. A Guide to Reading Good Literature. By G. A. F. Van Ryzin. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelinger, Philadelphia.

This is a very valuable manual, containing a minutely classified list of the best books published in America and England during the past five years, with critical remarks on each. The selection of books is very judicious, and the work will be exceedingly useful to those who read for information as well as for amusement.

Cassier's Illustrated History of the United States of America. In parts. Price, 50 cents each. Published by Cassier Brothers & Clegg, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This work is got up in the usual attractive style of this year's annual and is profusely illustrated throughout with original wood engravings, maps, plans, etc.

In order to present a complete history of the life of our great nation, all the best sources of information have been made available, and the narrative is related with a degree of life and interest which will make it attractive to all classes.

Conell, Foster & Galpin have recently opened an office at 1236 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, in charge of Robert W. Molony, Manager, for the sale of the numerous subscription works published by the firm.

New Music. We received from Mrs. Mary E. Kall, Louisville, Ky., the following songs: "I Wait for the Homecoming;" words by Mary E. Kall; music by R. Goedelius. "The Footstep at the Door;" words by Mary E. Kall; music by Horace E. Kimball. "Silvery Waves;" ballad by Mary E. Kall; music by Horace E. Kimball. "At the Gate I Wait for the Homecoming;" words by Mary E. Kall; music by Mark Hayes. "Faded Love;" words by S. Branson & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio. The Music of D. H. Miller. Edited by Mrs. Mary E. Kall, Louisville, author of "Fair Play," etc. Published, T. B. French & Son, New York.

The work is highly sensational, and the characters drawn with force and vigor. The plot has the merit of originality, and is worked out by the author with ability.

Holiday Hours. By Mr. Walter Scott. Published by T. B. French & Son, Philadelphia.

The Footstep at the Door; or, The Homecoming; by Mrs. Mary E. Kall, author of "Silvery Waves;" etc. Published, Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by J. H. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

History Primer. Edited by J. B. Greene. History of Greece, by C. M. Ladd. Oxford University Press, by C. M. Ladd. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelinger, Philadelphia.

EVER.

There are many black eyes that sparkle and a world of witchery lies in their glances; but my heart they can not move, sparkle, and dance, and they will.

There are doors and mystery and brown shadows of locking down, the shadow of coming years.

There are eyes bright, soft, and deep, eyes that sparkle, and smile, and eyes that are bright, and soft, and deep.

And all eyes are the eyes for me.

Wonderful eyes in their changefulness—

And their color? Nay, that I will leave you to guess.

SCIPIO'S DIVE.

"That's a queer looking ring you have on," I said to my friend Gerald Marston, as we sat smoking in his little snugger, a few weeks after his marriage. "Looks old, too."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it did. Have you noticed it, and he took it off?"

It did look old; it was as though, heavily set in solid gold, with a sphinx trampling on a man, and some Egyptian symbols engraved on it. The stone was a good deal scratched and worn, and the ring bent a little out of shape.

"It means?" I asked. "What do the symbols stand for? Do you know?"

"The sphinx means the king, and the man means his son, on whom he is tramping after the manner of kings of his date. The legend is, 'Good God, Lord of the World.'"

"And how came you by it? Took it from some mummified Pharaoh's fingers?"

"Not exactly. It's rather a long story, but if you're interested to hear it I'll tell all Scipio, get the glasses filled, and tell you it.

He called Scipio, a stout, intelligent-looking negro, who was the major-domo of the establishment, told him to get a fresh bottle, and then said to him:

"I am going to tell my friend about this ring, and how you saw Old Nick."

"Yes, master. I thought I could tell him if that only let me. I'd freshen up his memory a bit, perhaps."

I joined in the request, and the black sat down in the corner of the room, grinning from ear to ear.

"You know, of course," began my friend, "how I came to Egypt to get my fortune, when I found there were more engineers here than profitable work to employ them; and you know, also, that I was then engaged to your cousin Kate. Well, I was pretty successful."

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there came to me to talk over what was to be done.

"What'll massa give me if I get dat ring back again?"

"I'll give you anything."

"Give promise of Englishman to take me home?"

"Yes, willingly."

"Then massa, you take me to old gentelman, and if he promises to let me have the girl dat makes him coffee, I'll get the ring back."

"Get it, how?"

"I'll dive under the water for it."

"By Jove! and as you shall, Scipio!"

"Dat's die child," broke in Scipio.

"I took him up to the boat, and told the old man our plan, and he agreed to make promise of half his fortune to take me home."

"And the gal dat makes him coffee?"

"Any number of girls, all if he liked."

"So we agreed, and getting a few cans, prepared for the expedition, the old man insisted on going to town.

"We reached the place where we landed, as we could tell, and Scipio commanded his horses to go home."

"This is what I was," said Scipio.

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was too shallow for the boat, we threw the oars ashore, and pulled away, and at last landed our prime. It was a most horrid-looking wretch—one of the most abominable. A fellow who has seen the tail, and is up in that sort of thing, calls it a "Rain Myobole." Fine or not, it is a beast and a monster.

Scipio, however, was quite agreeable to being pulled up by the tail.

"I'll give you a chance to see him."

"The tail is a ring, I suppose."

